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JAN. 1954

No. 15



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STRANGE MYSTERIES



*Black Pearls of Death
The Corpse Comes Back
Horror Unseen
Over His Dead Body*



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The CORPSE COMES BACK

HE HAD MURDER ON HIS MIND, BUT YET HE HESITATED! NOW TO COMMIT MURDER, YET ESCAPE PUNISHMENT, THAT WAS HIS PROBLEM. THEN HE SAW A WAY, A HORRIBLE, BLOODY WAY, AND HE TOOK THE DREADFUL PLUNGE! ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT, ALWAYS AND FOREVER, THE BODY RETURNETH...

MORGAN BAXTER, ATTORNEY, DOES NOT READ LAW THESE NIGHTS! INSTEAD...

THIS ONE I HAVEN'T READ YET! MAYBE I'LL FIND THE ANSWER I WANT IN IT!



HMMMM—AS A POTENTIAL MURDERER, I FIND THIS VERY INTERESTING! AS A LAWYER, OF COURSE, I KNOW THAT **CORPUS DELICTI** DOES NOT MEAN THE BODY ITSELF, BUT MERELY THE BODY OF THE CRIME! STILL...



STRANGE MYSTERIES

WHILE JOSEPH SHILLING, BAXTER'S PARTNER IN THE LAW FIRM, NEVER SUSPECTS THAT HE HAS BEEN MARKED FOR MURDER...

THERE HE IS NOW, NOSING AROUND THE TRENT ESTATE AGAIN! IF HE EVER FINDS OUT I'VE BEEN MILKING IT TO THE TUNE OF TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR...



BUT BAXTER IS DETERMINED THAT HIS PARTNER WILL NEVER FIND OUT ABOUT HIS STEALING, SO VERY SOON...

SURE NICE OF YOU TO ASK ME UP TO YOUR LODGE FOR A WEEK, BAXTER! SAY, THIS IS WILD COUNTRY!

SURE! WILD, BUT NICE! AND WE CAN BOTH USE THE REST!



SAY—THIS IS SWELL! WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION FOR A WHILE! UMMM—JUST SMELL THAT AIR!

YES—JUST THE THING FOR THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN!

YES, JOE, YOU'LL HAVE A NICE, LONG VACATION—FROM EVERYTHING!



NO USE WASTING TIME, SO...

A MOMENT LATER...

H-HUH! BAXTER! WHA—

IT WOULD TAKE TOO LONG TO TELL, JOE! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO GO!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW I'LL GET BUSY WITH THAT SURGICAL KIT I BROUGHT ALONG! THE KNIVES AND SURGICAL SAWS! YOU, JOE, ARE GOING TO GET LOST! REALLY LOST!



MORGAN BAXTER HAD PLANNED WELL! LATER, UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME, HE APPEARS AT A DISTANT AIRPORT...

GOLLY, MR. SMITH, THAT'S A LOT OF LUGGAGE! THE EXTRA WEIGHT CHARGES WILL BE PRETTY STEEP!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I DON'T MIND THE EXPENSE! CHECK THEM THROUGH TO DETROIT!

I—(CHUCKLE)—DON'T MIND THE EXPENSE AT ALL! IT'S WORTH IT! HAH—HAH—IF THAT CLERK ONLY KNEW WHAT IS IN THOSE BAGS!

IN DETROIT, IN A DESOLATE SLUM AREA, BAXTER PUTS ANOTHER PART OF HIS PLAN INTO EFFECT...

FINE! THE CITY DUMPS MOST OF ITS RUBBISH HERE! SO I'LL BURY PART OF POOR OLD JOE HERE, AND COVER IT! THEN THE CITY WILL COVER THAT!

LATER, WHEN THE SUITCASE HAS BEEN WELL BURIED...

HANDY LITTLE GADGETS, THOSE ARMY SPADES! ALL I DO IS BUY A NEW ONE EACH TIME, USE IT, WIPE OFF MY FINGER-PRINTS AND THEN THROW IT AWAY! AND NOW FOR—SAN FRANCISCO.

AND IN SAN FRANCISCO THE NEXT NIGHT...

SO GOODBYE AGAIN, JOE! HERE GOES ANOTHER PART OF YOU! YOU'RE CERTAINLY A—(CHUCKLE)—WIDELY TRAVELED CORPSE!

NEXT STOP, NEXT NIGHT, IN NEW ORLEANS...

FUNNY, BUT I JUST HAPPENED TO REMEMBER! JOE ALWAYS WANTED TO VISIT NEW ORLEANS! WELL, AT LEAST PART OF HIM MADE IT!

AND FINALLY ST. LOUIS, WHERE THE MURDERER CONCEIVES A MASTER STROKE...

I WAS LUCKY, FINDING THIS FRESHLY DUG GRAVE! I'LL JUST BURY THE LAST OF JOE AT THE BOTTOM OF IT, FILL IT IN, AND TOMORROW THEY'LL BURY SOMEBODY OVER HIM! AND NOW MY JOB IS DONE!



SO, EXACTLY FIVE DAYS AFTER HE MURDERED HIS PARTNER, MORGAN BAXTER RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME...

DONE! JUST THE WAY I PLANNED IT! NOW, IN A FEW HOURS, I'LL DRIVE FRANTICALLY TO THE NEAREST RANGER STATION AND TELL THEM JOE WENT HUNTING ALONE AND GOT LOST! EASY ENOUGH IN THIS COUNTRY! OF COURSE THEY'LL NEVER FIND HIM!



H-HUH! WHO'S THERE? W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HELLO, BAXTER! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

MY PLAN— IF THEY'VE BEEN HERE LONG, IT'S SPOILED!

AT THE SOUND OF THAT VOICE, BAXTER FORGETS ALL ABOUT HIS PLANS! HIS SPINE FREEZES AND SOMEWHERE IN HIM A SCREAM BEGINS...



YOU! JOE! BUT YOU CAN'T—I—

HAH-HAH! FOR AN OLD FRIEND, BAXTER, YOU DON'T SEEM VERY GLAD TO SEE ME!

OH, I'M DEAD ENOUGH! BUT YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE DETAILS! IT'S JUST THAT THE PEOPLE WHO RUN THINGS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DARK CURTAIN TOOK PITY ON ME! THEY LENT ME A LITTLE STRENGTH, LET ME COME BACK TO...



I—UH—MY LEGS! WON'T HOLD! I—WEAK—FEEL JUST LIKE DYING ALL—OVER! ARGGG—

WHATEVER POWER YOU HAD IS GOING! HAH-HAH-HAH! YOU CAN'T HURT ME AFTER ALL, YOU—YOU THING!



AND... IT WAS G-GOING TO KILL ME! BUT SOMETHING WENT WRONG! SOMEHOW ITS SUPERNATURAL POWER FAILED! BUT I'M STILL NOT SAFE—NOT AS LONG AS IT IS AROUND!

NEXT DAY, RACING AGAINST TIME NOW, MORGAN BAXTER MAKES A FRANTIC TRIP TO THE NEAREST CITY...

THAT'S A LOT OF ACID, MISTER! MIND IF I ASK WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO WITH IT?

NOT AT ALL! I'M A RESEARCH CHEMIST AND I RAN OUT! I USE A LOT OF ACID IN MY, UH, EXPERIMENTS!

AFTER A DOZEN SUCH PURCHASES, BAXTER RETURNS TO THE LODGE THAT EVENING...

LUCKY I HAD THIS OLD TUB AROUND! AND I'VE GOT ENOUGH ACID TO DESTROY EVERY TRACE! EVEN THE BONES WILL BE EATEN UP! THERE STILL WILL BE TIME TO GO AHEAD WITH MY PLAN!

NOW, JOE, WE'LL REALLY GET RID OF YOU! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO COME BACK THE OTHER TIME, BUT THIS TIME THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING LEFT!

BUT THE BUBBLING, HORRIBLE FERMENT OF THE ACID IS TOO MUCH, EVEN FOR BAXTER...

YOWWWW—MY EYES! I CAN'T STAND IT! ANYWAY IT'S H—HORRIBLE! THAT ACID, EATING THE FLESH! I DON'T WANT TO WATCH IT!

HALF AN HOUR LATER...

I'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH! HE—IT—MUST BE DESTROYED... DISSOLVED BY NOW! I'LL GET RID OF THE TUB, THE ACID JARS AND...

YOWWWW—IT'S G-GONE! BUT WAIT A MINUTE—NATURALLY IT'S GONE! THAT ACID EVEN ATE THE BOTTOM OUT OF THE TUB!

WRONG AGAIN, BAXTER! THE ACID ATE UP THE TUB TOO QUICK! IT LEAKED OUT BEFORE IT COULD FINISH WITH ME!

JOE!
AHHHHHHHHH—

STRANGE MYSTERIES

THE ACID, AS BAXTER SEES TO HIS HORROR, HAS ONLY HALF COMPLETED THE JOB...

HEH-HEH! YOU'LL NEVER GET RID OF ME, BAXTER! NOT UNTIL YOU'RE DEAD!

N-NO! DON'T TOUCH ME— LEAVE ME ALONE! PLEASE— I...



SCREAMING WON'T DO ANY GOOD NOW! BUT AT LEAST THEY'LL BE ABLE TO BURY YOU ALL IN ONE PIECE!

AIEEEEEEEEEEE—



BUT AGAIN, AT THE LAST MOMENT, THE MURDERER IS STRANGELY SPARED...

NO! B-BUT I AM— I'M COMING APART! THAT ACID— MY STITCHES— ATE THEM AWAY! B-BUT WHY? WHY CAN'T I HAVE MY VENGEANCE?

SAVED! HE CAN'T HURT ME! HEE-HEE-HEE! I WIN AGAIN!



HAN-HAN-HAN— JUST LIKE HE—IT— SAID! THE ACID ATE THE STITCHES AWAY AND IT JUST FELL APART! HO-HO-HO— JUST FELL APART LIKE THE ONE-HORSE SHAY!



BAXTER, MUMBLING CRAZILY TO HIMSELF, FINDS AN OLD TRUNK...

THIS— TERRIBLE! MIGHT—(CHUCKLE)— DRIVE AN ORDINARY MAN CRAZY! BUT NOT—HEE-HEE-HEE— NOT ME! I'LL WIN YET!



AND LATE THAT NIGHT, ON A DESOLATE LAKE FAR FROM THE LODGE...

THERE! AT LAST! ALMOST HALF A TON OF ROCKS IN THERE WITH HIM! HE WON'T— HAN-HAN— COME BACK AGAIN!



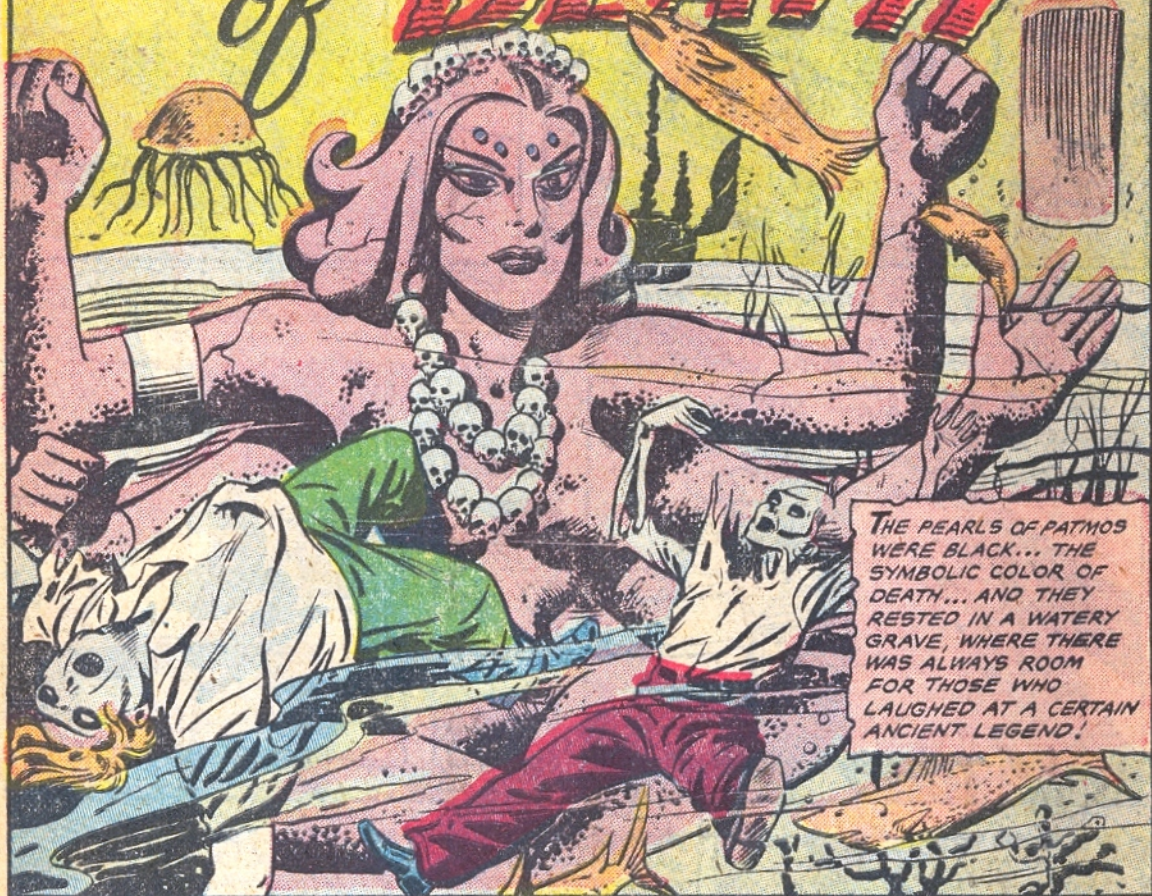


NO ONE COULD RECORD WHAT HAPPENED... BAXTER'S BODY SHOWED SIGNS OF HAVING THRASHED ABOUT FRANTICALLY... BUT WHY? SUCH A SMALL POOL OF HARMLESS WATER OBVIOUSLY COULDN'T DROWN A MAN!

LATER... SURE, OFFICER, I FOUND HIM! I WAS JUST GONNA TELL HIM A PIPE BUSTED IN THE HALL CEILING—THERE WAS WATER ALL OVER THE PLACE! ONE FUNNY THING, TOO—THERE WERE WET FOOTPRINTS LEADING AWAY FROM HIS DOOR, BUT I SWEAR NO-BODY CAME OUT! UNLESS MAYBE—HAH—IT WAS A GHOST!



BLACK PEARLS of DEATH



THE PEARLS OF PATMOS WERE BLACK... THE SYMBOLIC COLOR OF DEATH... AND THEY RESTED IN A WATERY GRAVE, WHERE THERE WAS ALWAYS ROOM FOR THOSE WHO LAUGHED AT A CERTAIN ANCIENT LEGEND!

ABOARD THE SCHOONER, WHITE SHARK, TWO ROGUES DRINK A TOAST...

BY THUNDER, GYP, WE DID IT! WE FOUND THE ISLAND THEY SAID DIDN'T EXIST!

THAT WE DID, BEACH, THAT WE DID! NOW IF THE REST OF THE YARN IS TRUE - IF WE CAN FIND THE SUBMERGED TEMPLE...

WE'LL FIND THE TEMPLE, DON'T WORRY! THOSE NATIVES ON THE ISLAND WILL DIVE FOR US!

THEY'RE A SUPERSTITIOUS LOT OF FOOLS! WE MIGHT HAVE TO - (CHUCKLE) - USE A LITTLE PERSUASION!





SOON...

GET THE BEST DIVERS THEY GOT, GYP! IF THAT TEMPLE IS DOWN THERE AT ALL—IT'S DEEP!

I'LL GET THEM, DON'T WORRY! YOU GET THE TRADE GOODS OUT AND GET READY! YOU KNOW HOW THEY LOVE GEWGAW'S!

BUT HARRY COMBER, BETTER KNOWN AS BEACH, HAD OTHER THOUGHTS TO OCCUPY HIM...

YOU'RE THE REAL PROBLEM, GYP, MY LAD! ONCE WE GET THE BLACK PEARLS, IF WE DO, HOW AM I GOING TO GET RID OF YOU?



WHILE GYP LARSEN, WANTED BY POLICE IN NEARLY EVERY PORT IN THE WORLD, ALSO HAS PROBLEMS...

BUT IT TURNS OUT DIFFERENTLY...

A TICKLISH SITUATION! DIDN'T DARE BUY DIVING EQUIPMENT, BECAUSE THE AUTHORITIES WOULD KNOW WERE PEARLING—WITHOUT A LICENSE! ANYWAY I COULDN'T DIVE AND LEAVE BEACH TOPSIDE! THE ONLY ANSWER IS NATIVE DIVERS, SO I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON BEACH!

NO, TUAN! WE WILL NOT DIVE HERE! NONE DARE INVADE THE TEMPLE OF PATMOS!

DON'T BE A FOOL, WANNI! NOTHING IN THAT OLD TEMPLE CAN HARM YOU! DIVE FOR US AND YOU'LL BE RICH!

LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE, GYP!



BUT WANNI HAS AN ENEMY, HOLLU, AND IT IS HE WHO SOLVES MATTERS...

YOU ARE A WOMAN, WANNI! I HAVE ALWAYS SAID IT! YOU ARE AFRAID OF ANCIENT GHOSTS! I, HOLLU, WHO SHOULD BE CHIEF, WILL MAKE A FOOL OF YOU! I WILL DIVE FOR THE WHITE TUANS!

AYEEE—YOU ARE A TROUBLE MAKER, HOLLU! BEWARE!

THE LEGEND OF OUR FATHERS FORBIDS IT! LONG AGO, WHEN THE WATERS BURIED PATMOS, SHE PROMISED TO RISE AGAIN! THEN WILL OUR PEOPLE RULE ONCE MORE! BUT THERE WAS A WARNING—IF ANY INVADE HER TEMPLE IT MEANS—
DEATH!





SO THE REBEL, HOLLU, GOES DOWN INTO THE DARK DEPTHS...

I WILL GET THE PEARLS OF PATMOS FOR THE TUANS! I WILL SHOW MY PEOPLE WHAT A COWARD WANNI IS! THEY WILL MAKE ME CHIEF THEN!

BUT EVEN I CANNOT THINK WHAT THE WHITE TUANS WANT WITH BLACK PEARLS! ONE CANNOT EAT THEM, OR BUY A WIFE WITH THEM!

PERHAPS THE TUANS ARE FOOLS ALSO!



SUDDENLY PATMOS SEEMS TO MOVE, TO LEER, TO REACH FOR THE FEAR-CRAZED MAN...

BUT AS HE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE GODDESS, PATMOS, A COLD SHUDDER STRIKES THROUGH HIM...

WAH—I—I AM AFRAID! I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! IT IS ONLY A STONE THING, WITH PEARLS FOR A FACE, BUT I FEAR IT! PERHAPS WANNI IS RIGHT AFTER ALL! IF I OFFEND THE GODDESS, I—



AYEE—DOES SHE MOVE?—IS IT ONLY THE MOTION OF THE WATER? D—DO NOT HARM ME, PATMOS! I WILL NOT TOUCH YOUR PEARLS!

WHILE ON THE SURFACE, THE TERRIBLE STORY IS SOON TOLD...

THE FRIGHTENED HOLLU DOES NOT SEE THE REAL DANGER...

I WILL GO AND MAKE MY PEACE WITH WANNI! FORGIVE ME, PATMOS!



YIEEEEE—A GIANT CLAM! I AM TRAPPED! I DROWN! GAAAAA—



HO, YOU SEE! BUBBLES OF BLOOD! PATMOS HAS SLAIN THAT FOOL! NOW YOU WILL BELIEVE ME!



SOMETHING GOT HIM, SURE ENOUGH. WHAT DO YOU THINK, GYP?

A SHARK OR MAYBE AN OCTOPUS! GET READY FOR SQUALLS, BEACH! WE'LL FORCE THESE BEGGARS TO DIVE!

SO OFF WITH THE VELVET GLOVE...

YOU'LL DIVE FOR US, WANNI, OR ELSE!

TAKE YOUR CHOICE! DOWN THERE YOU'VE GOT A CHANCE! UP HERE YOU GOT NONE! EITHER DIVE OR—DIE!

IF YOU SLAY ME, IT WILL BE KNOWN! SUCH A SECRET CANNOT BE KEPT! THE WINDS WILL BEAR IT TO THE WHITE POLICE AND THEY WILL COME AND AVENGE WANNI! MY PEOPLE DO NOT DIVE!



BETTER THINK IT OVER, WANNI! YOU GOT FIVE SECONDS! ONE—TWO—THREE—FOUR—

...FIVE!

A GOOD WORK, BEACH! I BET THEY COOPERATE NOW!

YAAAAAA—



YEAH! AND WITH THAT LITTLE GIMMICK WE WON'T HAVE THEM ESCAPING EITHER!

OKAY! WHEN HE COMES UP, THE NEXT ONE GOES, UNDERSTAND? YOU KEEP DIVING UNTIL YOU BRING UP THE BLACK PEARLS! THE PEARLS THAT MAKE THE FACE OF THE IDOL, GET IT?

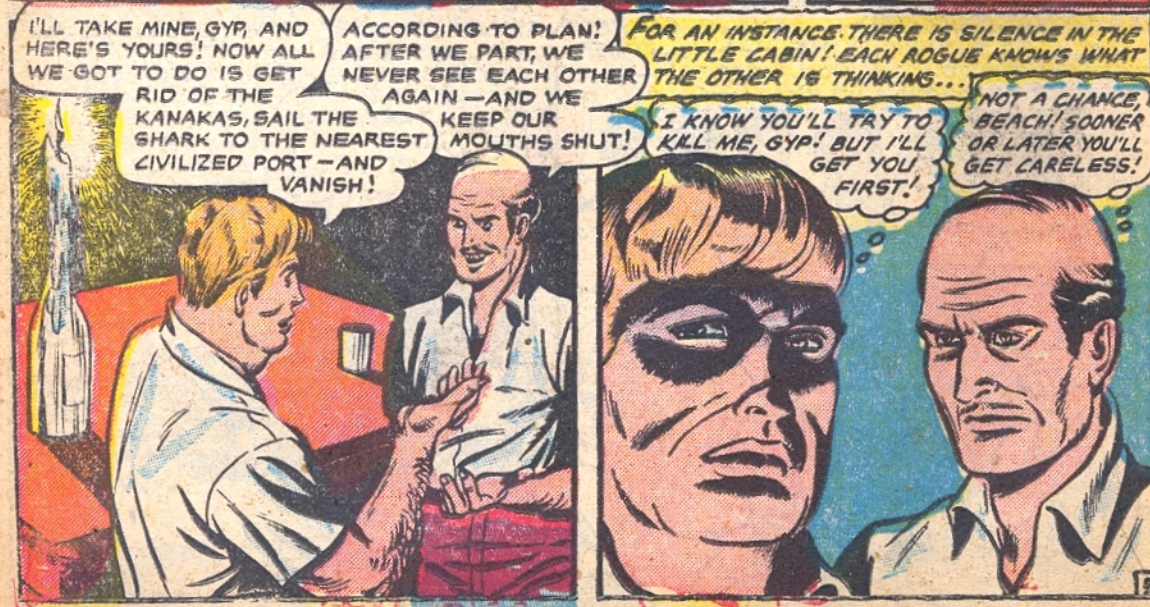
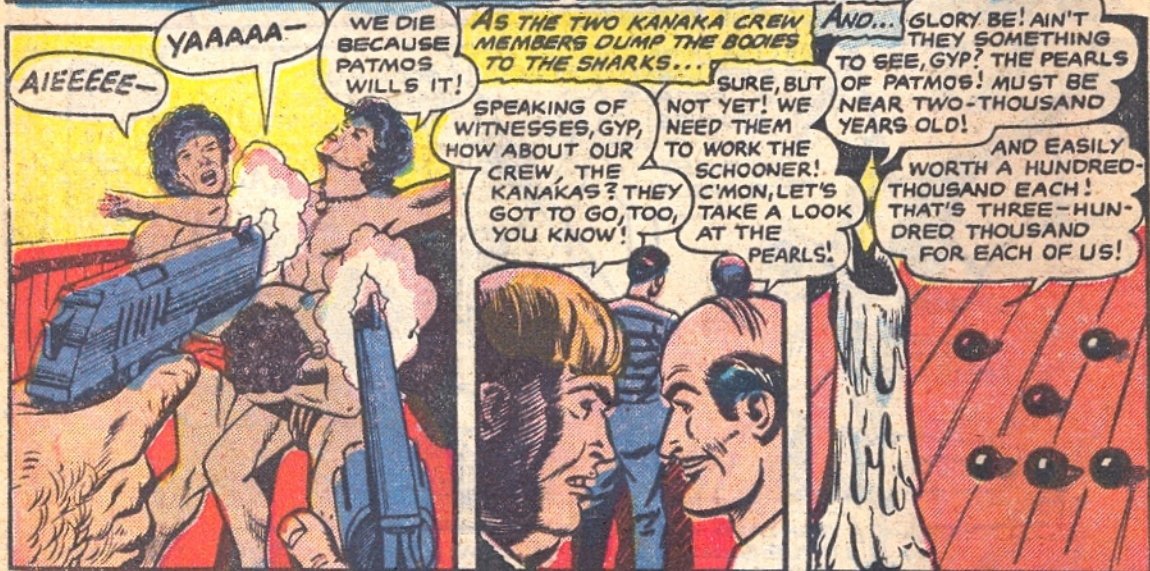
THEY KNOW, BEACH! THEY'RE SCARED TO DEATH! THEY'LL HAVE THOSE PEARLS UP HERE IN JIG TIME!

WE DO! NO SHOOT!

AND... I THOUGHT THEY'D LISTEN TO REASON! THEY'RE MORE AFRAID OF THE DEATH THEY CAN SEE THAN THEY ARE OF PATMOS!

I DIVE, TUAN! PLEASE NO KILL!





SEVERAL DAYS LATER! THE WHITE SHARK, IN SUPERB SAILING WEATHER, NEARS PORT...

COME MORNING WE'LL BE TOO CLOSE TO PORT FOR GYP TO TRY ANYTHING! IF HE'S GOING TO KILL ME, IT HAS TO BE TONIGHT! ANYWAY THIS CAT AND MOUSE GAME IS GETTING ON MY NERVES!



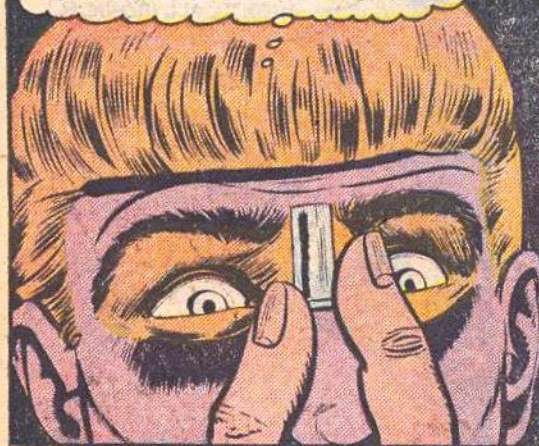
MIGHT AS WELL CHECK JUST TO BE SURE! HUH! THE BULLETS! TAMPERED WITH...



THAT RAT! FOOLED ME AFTER ALL! TWISTED THE LEAD OUT OF THESE CARTRIDGES AND LEFT ME THE **BLANKS!** BUT HOW DID HE DO IT? AND WHAT AM I GONNA D-DO?

A STEALTHY SOUND MAKES THE HAIR CRAWL ON BEACH'S NECK...

GYP! COMING AFTER ME! AND A BABY COULD JIMMY THAT DOOR! I GOTTA DO SOMETHING—ONLY WHAT? I GOT NO MORE BULLETS! NO KNIFE! HE'LL KILL ME SURE!



AND THEN—INSPIRATION...

THE PEARLS! THIS ONE—FITS! WITH THE BLANK CHARGE BEHIND IT, IT WILL WORK JUST LIKE A BULLET! HAH, GYP, I'LL DO YOU IN YET!

CLICK—
CLICK!



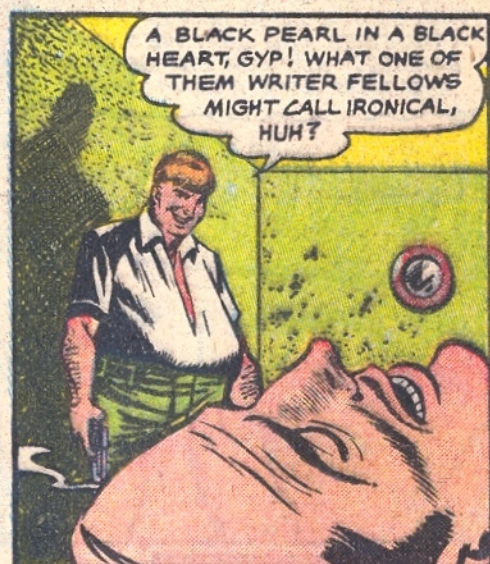
THE DOOR SLOWLY SWINGS OPEN...

HELLO, BEACH! I SEE YOU'RE EXPECTING ME!

SURE, GYP! COME IN! NASTY LOOKING KNIFE YOU GOT THERE! PLANNING ON KILLING SOMEONE, MAYBE?



STRANGE MYSTERIES



BEACH MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE TWO KANAKAS, AND WHEN THE THREE BODIES HAVE BEEN TOSSED OVERBOARD...



I GOT THE ANSWER TO THAT, TOO! A LITTLE WINE TO WASH 'EM DOWN AND THEY CAN SEARCH THE SHARK TILL DOOMSDAY! UGH—THAT ONE I CUT OUT OF GYP'S HEART HAS A FUNNY TASTE!



SO WHEN THE OFFICERS COME ABOARD...

HI, GUVNOR! ALWAYS HAPPY TO SEE REPRESENTATIVES OF HER MAJESTY! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



TWO HOURS LATER THE REPRESENTATIVES OF HER MAJESTY ARE HOT AND FRUSTRATED...

YOU SEE, GUV? LIKE I TOLD YOU—I'M AS INNOCENT AS A LITTLE CHILD! IT'S JUST THAT YOU GOT A SUSPICIOUS MIND!

ABOUT YOU, I HAVE, BEACH! BUT IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE CLEAR THIS TIME! I'LL HAVE TO LET YOU GO!

SUDDENLY THE FAT ROGUE DOUBLES UP IN TERRIBLE AGONY...

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THE MATTER, MAN?

LOOKS LIKE A SUDDEN ATTACK OF POISONING, SIR!

UHHHHH— MY BELLY! PAIN! I— OH— UHHHH—



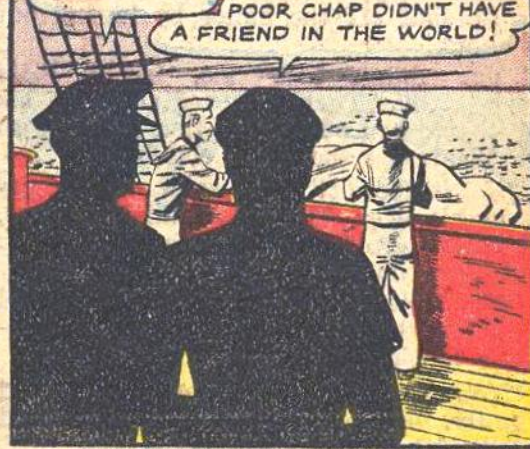
BUT, BEACH, PARALYZED, CANNOT TELL THEM WHAT IS WRONG...

THE P-PEARLS! HEARD ONCE THAT IF YOU MIX CERTAIN PEARLS WITH WINE, THEY— TURN— TO POISON! I— DYING— UHHHHHH—

PROBABLY SOMETHING HE ATE! CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL IN THESE ISLANDS!

SOON... IT SAVES A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE THIS WAY! HE HAD NO CLOSE RELATIVES. NO ONE WOULD HAVE CLAIMED THE BODY!

NOT LIKELY! POOR CHAP DIDN'T HAVE A FRIEND IN THE WORLD!



IN THAT PART OF THE WORLD, THE SEA HAS STRANGE CURRENTS! ONE SUCH CURRENT CARRIES THE BODY OF BEACH ALONG FOR DAYS, UNTIL...

...IT JOINS ANOTHER BODY...

AND SO THE PEARLS OF PATMOS CAME BACK TO THEIR ETERNAL RESTING PLACE AFTER ALL!



THE END

HORROR'S HOUSE

By John Martin

THE SCREECH of the hay-baling machine sounded straight down the hollow where old Silas Turnby was working on the farm truck.

He raised his head and cursed. Already it was getting dark and chill and the winds swept over the lonely farm and through the sparse windbreak like steel wires.

"Dick!"

There was only the sound of the bailing machine being speeded up.

His face suddenly insane with impatience, Silas Turnby dropped the tools in his hand and struck out for the barn.

"Dick!"

His son, standing at the controls of the hay-bailer, turned around slowly. His sullen face fixed his father's with a look of hatred.

"What do you want?" With a slap, Dick Turnby shut off the bailer by letting out the clutch.

"You didn't hear me, hey?" Fists clenched, Silas Turnby moved closer to his son. "I told you not to run that machine so fast. Wears out the bailer clutch!"

"No, it doesn't!" Dick said, anger flaming in his eyes. "You just think it does, dad, because you're used to the old clutches. I put a new one in!"

"New! New!" Silas muttered. "The old clutches were good if you ran 'em slowly — besides they're cheaper!"

"You're behind the times!" Dick said defiantly. "Everything you do gets mucked up with delay!"

"Hey?" Old Silas almost screeched. "What's that?"

"You heard me! You're losing us hundreds of dollars a month by your insistence on this old-fashioned farm machinery. Why — we ain't even got an electric light plant. We're still usin' kerosene oil!"

"It's cheap and good!" Silas insisted. "You're just like the rest of the young 'uns. Want to do everything fast and expensive."

His son looked him straight in the eye.

"Life on this farm's got to be a kind of creepin' horror, pop," he said flatly. "We're livin' almost like savages!"

A dry chuckle rumbled in Silas Turnby's throat.

"If you don't like livin' here, you can

always leave," he said. "Leastways, after we get back from truckin' that produce up to the county seat!"

"Maybe I will," Dick said stubbornly.

HIS FATHER watched him stalk off toward the house to get ready for the drive to the county capital where the markets were. It was evening and Silas planned to drive leisurely all night until he got tired. Then they'd put up at some cheap place and start out early, getting to the produce market early.

"Dark, eh?" he muttered to himself as he went off to the car. He saw a kerosene lamp flare up in Dick's room. "Not bright enough for 'em, eh?" Again he chuckled. "I like the dark! It's cheap!"

He stumbled into the cab of the car, pulling his old, out-dated cap down over his eyes. Drat these young 'uns! He hated progress. He hated the fast, furious pace of everyday life. Now, with Martha gone, he didn't know how he stood it every market day, what with the sharp blades careening down the main street every night at awful speeds. The good old days, he knew, were best; the days round the turn of the century when food was cheap (though farm prices were good) and living was slow and easy and though people dropped dead of old age, they didn't shake themselves into an early grave.

Fondly, he gazed at the hood of the old truck. Dick had tried to argue him into a new, snappy one, with a growling two-hundred horsepower under the hood. The old tin lizzie, Silas Turnby knew, was good enough for him. He slapped the weathered old seat and grinned.

Presently, Dick whistled some modern tune or other up in his room. Looking up from the truck cab, Silas saw the light go out. He glanced back once to see that the canvas tarpaulin covered the big truckload of farm produce. Then, as Dick's sullen face showed at the front door and he heard the door slam shut, he started the motor.

"Goin' to take the superhighway?" Dick asked as the truck rumbled off.

His father laughed scornfully.

"They'd knock us off the concrete in two minutes, the speed most of those maniacs are goin'!" he said. "No, we'll stick to old

34 and 73. They're back roads, but they're safe!"

The truck gathered speed and shot off into the darkness.

By midnight they were approaching the small town of Plainville. By degrees, Dick's face brightened.

"Figurin' on stayin' in the town?" he asked his father.

"Not on your tintype!" old Turnby growled. "We're going to stay outside the town. Too much noise down main street."

"I'm goin' on into town," Dick said stubbornly.

SILAS LOOKED at him for an instant, then shook his head.

"Alright," he said. "But you'll have to walk into town. I got my eye on a nice quiet-looking place I passed last time, when we had to drive all night."

"I'll walk!" Dick said grimly. "I'll walk where the bright lights are if it's ten miles!"

A few minutes later Silas put on the brakes. Ahead, over the rise, they could see the glow in the sky that was Plainville. To one side of the road, a cozy old farmhouse nestled in a dell. On a sign it said: HOME. In the stillness they could hear a raspy old phonograph playing "In the Gloaming, Oh my Darling."

A look of beneficent peace-settled-over - Silas Turnby's face.

"Ah, they know music, real music," he muttered. "Not your crazy, jazz junk!" An Old Folks Home, he thought, where he'd find a room.

Dick snorted.

"I'd die in a joint like that!" he said contemptuously. "Pick me up in front of the bank at six o'clock!"

Silas watched him stalk off down the road. Then he locked up the truck cab and knocked at the farmhouse door. The instant he set foot on the doorstep, he knew something was wrong, but he couldn't tell what. Through the windows he could see old folks dancing solemnly in the parlor to the tunes of the ancient phonograph. But this place was almost too old . . . Silas Turnby almost turned to go.

"A room, sir!"

The man beside him seemed to have appeared from nowhere. A chill ran down Silas Turnby's back.

"Y-Yes. A room. And a meal, too. I'm hungry."

"We serve no food here, sir," the old man said in a low voice. "But we have nice rooms." He inclined his head. "Perhaps you would like to mingle with our other guests for awhile before going to bed." He chuckled thinly. "They're a bit old-fashioned — we're all that way here, sir, but we do have our fun!"

"I like old-fashioned things!" Silas said sturdily. He put a dollar in the other's hand, opened the door and walked in, followed by the old man. Almost instantly the music ceased. All the old people in the room turned to look at Silas Turnby.

"We have-ah-a new guest!" the old man said.

Suddenly there was a silence. On Silas Turnby's ears fell a strange sound, like the whispering of insects. They were all standing together, talking, but their voices were strange, insubstantial. He wished the homely old phonograph would start playing again. He laughed a little hollowly and advanced a step or two.

"Glad to meet you, folks," he said. "I'm Silas Turnby. I'm a farmer. Glad to see you all havin' such a fine time at simple old things. I kind of like simple old things myself!"

But no one answered. There was only a sort of thin, ghostly silence. They kept staring at him. Then the old man spoke again.

"Yes, we all like old things here." Abruptly he cackled. "Old people, too. People don't have to be young, do they? They're as good old as when they're young — to us, that is, to sensible folk like us!"

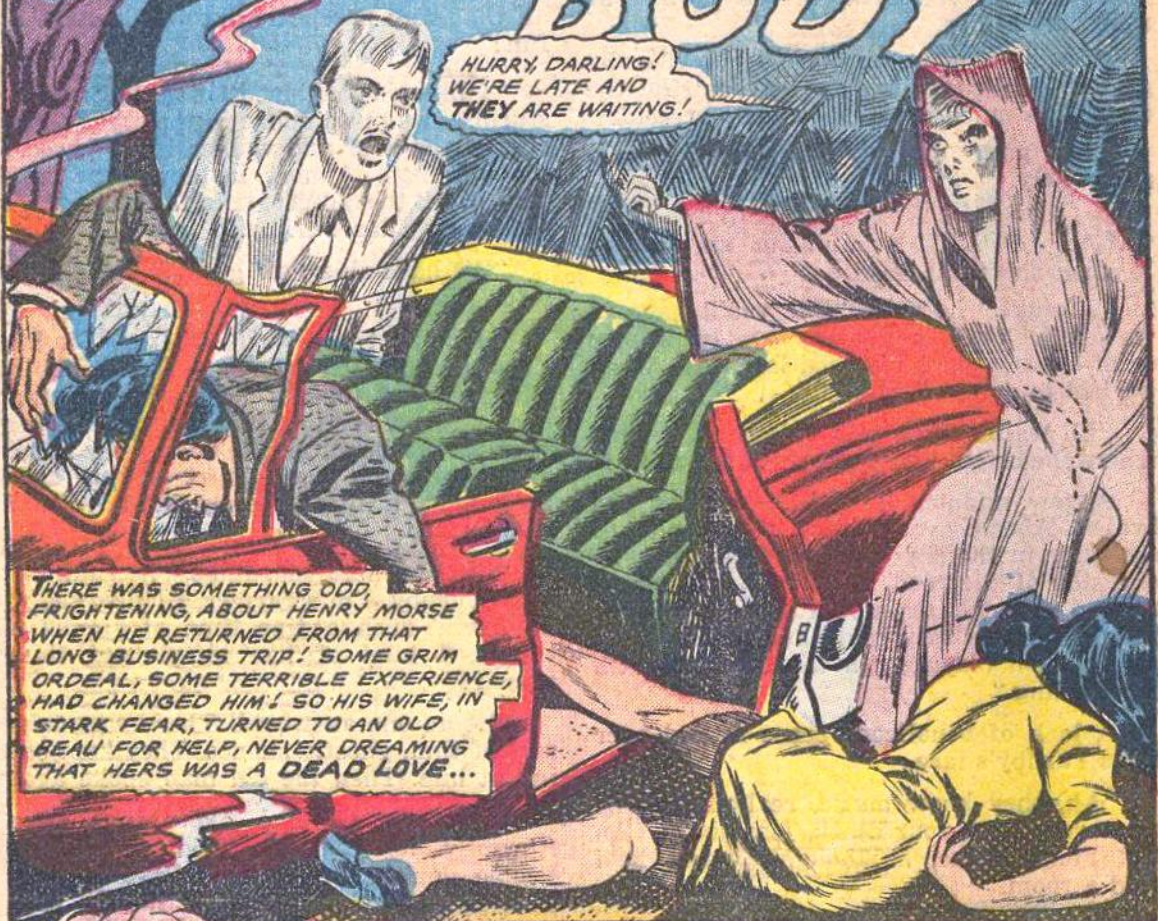
Silas Turnby's legs began to tremble. The words had sounded reassuring, but, at them, the circle of old folks had begun to smile. Not sweet smiles, of lavender and lace, but small, steely smiles. Mad smiles, Silas thought. Again he shivered.

"After all," the cracked old voice behind him continued, "An old body has as much blood in it as a young one. You'll find that out when you've stayed with us awhile, in our little Home for Old Vampires!"

Silas Turnby saw them coming for him then, their aged fingers extended like claws, their lips writhing back over sharp, hungry teeth. He remembered Dick's last words: "I'd die in a joint like that!"

He guessed it was going to kill him, too.

OVER HIS DEAD BODY



THERE WAS SOMETHING ODD, FRIGHTENING, ABOUT HENRY MORSE WHEN HE RETURNED FROM THAT LONG BUSINESS TRIP! SOME GRIM ORDEAL, SOME TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE, HAD CHANGED HIM! SO HIS WIFE, IN STARK FEAR, TURNED TO AN OLD BEAU FOR HELP, NEVER DREAMING THAT HERS WAS A DEAD LOVE...

FROM THE VERY FIRST, WHEN HENRY RETURNED FROM A WEEK'S BUSINESS TRIP, HIS WIFE, EDITH, NOTICED SOMETHING TERRIBLY WRONG...

HENRY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU'RE LIKE ICE!

AM I? I FEEL FINE! AREN'T YOU GLAD TO SEE ME?

A FINE WAY TO TREAT A MAN AFTER A HARD TRIP! HOW ABOUT A REAL KISS?

NO, PLEASE! Y-YOU'RE LIKE A WET FISH! I'LL KISS YOU AFTER YOU WARM UP! COME AND EAT SUPPER NOW!



BUT MUCH LATER, WHEN EDITH AWAKES TO FIND HERSELF ALONE...

HENRY!
HENRY,
WHERE
ARE
YOU?

SOMETHING IS
WRONG WITH HIM!
HE HASN'T EVEN
BEEN IN BED!

AND... HENRY
MORSE!
ARE YOU GOING TO
STAY UP ALL
NIGHT? IT'S ALMOST
DAYLIGHT NOW!
JUST BECAUSE I
SAID YOU WERE
COLD IS NO
REASON TO
BROOD...

ISN'T IT, EDITH?
MAYBE IT IS! ANY-
WAY GO BACK TO
BED! LEAVE
ME ALONE!

SO A QUARREL OVER THE
BREAKFAST TABLE IS
ALMOST INEVITABLE...

ALL RIGHT—ALL RIGHT,
SO I'M ACTING PECULIAR!
I'LL ADMIT I'VE GOT
SOMETHING ON MY
MIND, AND I
CAN'T TELL
YOU—YET!
BUT LEAVE
ME ALONE—
DON'T NAG
ME!

OH, I THINK
YOU'RE HORRID!
ALL I WANT TO
DO IS SHARE
YOUR TROUBLES,
B—BUT YOU ACT
LIKE I'M A
STRANGER!

FATE,
CONSPIRING
AS
ALWAYS,
PICKS
THAT
PARTICULAR
DAY TO
HAVE AN
OLD BEAU
CALL
EDITH
MORSE...

DICK TODD! HOW NICE TO
HEAR FROM YOU! WHAT—
MEET YOU FOR COCKTAILS?
WELL, I SHOULDN'T, YOU
KNOW! I'M MARRIED NOW—
BUT, WELL, ALL
RIGHT! IT WILL
JUST SERVE
MY HUSBAND
RIGHT!

FINE! THE
COTTAGE
DOOR AT
FOUR, EDITH!

AND SO...

NO, DICK! REALLY
YOU MUSTN'T
MAKE LOVE TO
ME! I—I CAN'T
LET YOU! I LOVE
MY HUSBAND,
AND...

AND I LOVE YOU!
I ALWAYS
HAVE! YOU
SHOULD HAVE
MARRIED ME
INSTEAD OF
HANK
MORSE!

BUT EDITH MORSE IS A
DECENT WOMAN, SO...

THIS IS GOODBYE, DICK!
IT WAS NICE, BUT WE
MUSTN'T SEE EACH
OTHER AGAIN! HENRY
IS TERRIBLY
JEALOUS!

WELL, IF YOU
WANT IT THAT
WAY! BUT YOU
HAVE MY PHONE
NUMBER! CALL
ME IF I CAN
HELP YOU IN
ANY WAY!



WHEN HENRY COMES HOME THAT NIGHT, HE SEEMS TO BE IN A BETTER MOOD...

HI, HONEY! SAY, I'M SORRY I WAS SO ROUGH THIS MORNING! I...

OH—D—DON'T TOUCH ME! YOU'RE STILL COLD! CLAMMY! LIKE ICE!

AND IT STARTS AGAIN...

SO I'M STILL COLD AS A FISH, EH? I WISH YOU WOULD STOP SAYING THAT, DO YOU UNDERSTAND? STOP IT!

BUT YOU ARE—COLD! AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHOUT!



I WON'T HAVE IT, DO YOU HEAR? IF YOU MENTION ONCE MORE THAT I'M COLD, I'LL—I'LL KILL YOU! NOW LEAVE ME ALONE!

I'M SORRY, DEAR! BUT YOU REALLY SHOULD SEE A DOCTOR! PLEASE!

THAT NIGHT, AGAIN, HE DOES NOT SLEEP...



POOR HENRY! SOMETHING IS WRONG, TERRIBLY WRONG! SOMETHING THAT HE DOESN'T WANT TO TELL ME ABOUT!



AND NEXT DAY...

I'M WORRIED SICK, DOCTOR! IF YOU COULD JUST DROP IN EARLY, BE HERE WHEN HENRY COMES HOME FROM WORK...

OF COURSE, MRS. MORSE! I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT HIM! LOTS OF PEOPLE ARE STUBBORN ABOUT GOING TO A DOCTOR!

BUT WHEN HENRY FINDS OUT WHAT SHE HAS DONE...

A DOCTOR! BLAST IT, EDITH, I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE A DOCTOR! I WON'T BE EXAMINED! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

NO! NO! NO! GET

OUT! LEAVE ME IN PEACE! GO ON—GET OUT OF MY HOUSE RIGHT NOW!



BUT, DARLING, I THOUGHT...

BETTER LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT YOU, MR. MORSE! IT WON'T TAKE A MOMENT!



STRANGE MYSTERIES

HENRY BARRICADES HIMSELF IN HIS ROOM, AND WHEN THE PUZZLED DOCTOR IS GONE...

HENRY? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, DEAR? THE DOCTOR IS GONE NOW!

SLOWLY THE DOOR OPENS AND FOR THE FIRST TIME EDITH MORSE KNOWS REAL FEAR...

A GOOD THING!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT EDITH! I WARNED YOU!

HENRY! D-DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT! I'M SORRY—I DIDN'T MEAN TO...

THIS IS JUST A TASTE OF WHAT YOU'LL GET IF YOU EVER DO THAT AGAIN! I'LL TAKE YOUR THROAT LIKE THIS AND SQUEEZE—AND SQUEEZE...

NO! YOU'RE HURTING ME! I—UHHHHHH—

NOW MAYBE YOU'LL BELIEVE THAT I MEAN IT! NEVER DISOBEY ME AGAIN, OR QUESTION ANYTHING I DO!

GREAT HEAVENS! HE'S GONE M-MAD!

THAT NIGHT, AGAIN...

HE'S WALKING AGAIN! BACK AND FORTH, BACK AND FORTH, ALL NIGHT LONG! THIS MAKES THE THIRD NIGHT HE HASN'T SLEPT!

AND IN THE MORNING AS HE LEAVES...

HE MUST BE IN TERRIBLE TROUBLE—BUT I CAN'T HELP HIM! HE WON'T LET ME! LAST NIGHT HE WAS ON THE VERGE OF KILLING ME! I—I'VE GOT TO HAVE HELP!



STRANGE MYSTERIES



WHEN EDITH MORSE HEARS THE SCREAM, SHE RUNS TO THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS—AN UNWISE THING TO DO...

YES, EDITH, I KILLED HIM! HE'S IN THERE ON THE FLOOR! AND NOW...

HENRY!
YOU—
WHAT...

...IT'S
YOUR
TURN! I
WARNED
YOU!

NO! DON'T
YOU'RE
INSANE—
HELP—
HELP!

DID YOU THINK I
WOULD LEAVE YOU
BEHIND? I
COULDN'T DO
THAT, YOU
KNOW! YOU
BELONG
WITH ME!

I—I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT! NO—FOR
THE LOVE
OF HEAVEN
DON'T! I—

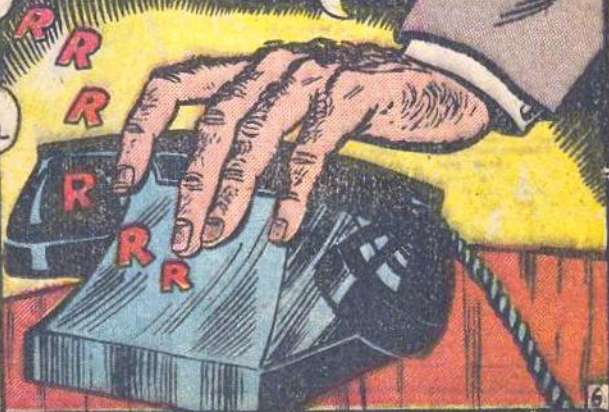
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE—

AND WHEN IT IS OVER...

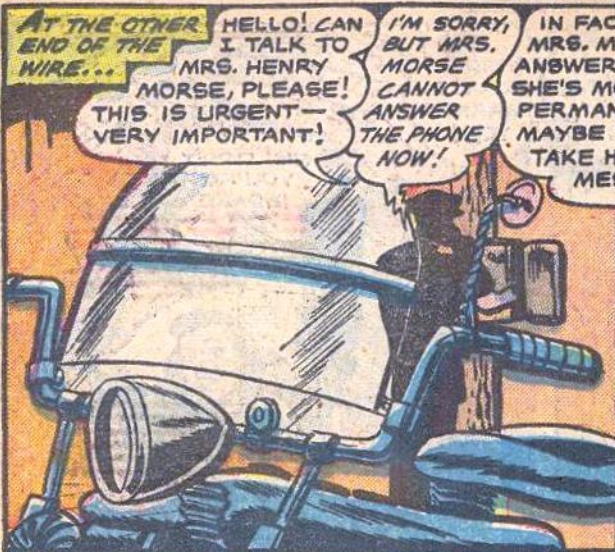
I WISH I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU THE TRUTH, MY DEAR! BUT YOU THOUGHT I WAS CRAZY—YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED ME! AND NOW—NOW SOON YOU'LL KNOW!

AND THEN THE PHONE BEGINS TO RING—LIKE A FUNERAL KNELL...

YES—YES! I'LL ANSWER! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING THIS CALL ANY MINUTE!



STRANGE MYSTERIES



AT THE OTHER
END OF THE
WIRE...

HELLO! CAN
I TALK TO
MRS. HENRY
MORSE, PLEASE!
THIS IS URGENT—
VERY IMPORTANT!

I'M SORRY,
BUT MRS.
MORSE
CANNOT
ANSWER
THE PHONE
NOW!

IN FACT, I DON'T THINK
MRS. MORSE WILL EVER
ANSWER THE PHONE AGAIN!
SHE'S MOVED AWAY,
PERMANENTLY! BUT
MAYBE I COULD—
TAKE HER A
MESSAGE!

HUH! WELL, OKAY
THEN! HERE'S
THE MESSAGE...



WE WANT MRS. MORSE TO IDENTIFY A
CAR WE THINK BELONGS TO HER
HUSBAND! WE JUST FOUND IT IN
THE RIVER! MUST HAVE GONE OVER
THE BRIDGE, BUT THE FUNNY THING IS
THAT THERE IS **NO** BODY! ALL THE
WINDOWS AND DOORS CLOSED TIGHT—
BUT NO BODY!

MUSTA BEEN
THERE
ABOUT
TWO
DAYS...



YOU'RE WRONG, OFFICER! THE CAR
HAS BEEN THERE FOR OVER THREE
DAYS NOW! I KNOW, YOU SEE! I'M
HENRY MORSE!

HUH! BUT
HOW...



I WON'T BOTHER TO
EXPLAIN, OFFICER! YOU
WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND
ANY MORE THAN
SHE DID...

UNDERSTAND
WHAT? SAY, ARE
YOU NUTS?

MY WIFE THOUGHT I WAS CRAZY,
TOO! SHE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND
WHY I WAS ALWAYS SO COLD, WHY
I DIDN'T NEED SLEEP! I HAD A
DREADFUL DECISION TO
MAKE! YOU SEE, I JUST
COULDN'T BRING
MYSELF TO TELL
HER THAT...

THAT I WAS
DROWNED
THREE DAYS
AGO!



CLICK

Horror Unseen



BECAUSE OF A STRANGE ACCIDENT, AN EVEN STRANGER BEING WAS BORN! A MAN, YET NOT A MAN! HIS SOUL AS BRITTLE AS HIS BODY HAD BECOME! HE WAS THE GLASS MAN...

MILES NORDEN, RESEARCH CHEMIST, IS EMPLOYED BY A LARGE MANUFACTURER OF SYNTHETICS...

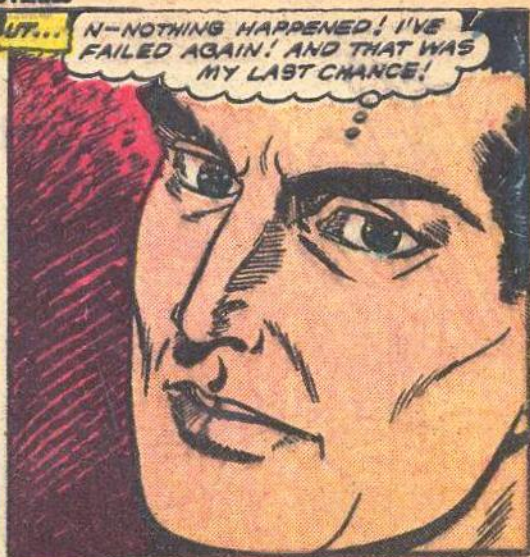
WE'RE LICKED, MILES, AND WE MIGHT AS WELL ADMIT IT! WE'LL NEVER MAKE A REALLY GOOD SYNTHETIC GLASS!

YOU GIVE UP TOO EASILY, HENRY! I THINK I CAN DO IT! I'VE GOT IDEAS!

LATER...

YES, I'VE GOT PLENTY OF IDEAS! A GOOD SYNTHETIC GLASS CAN BE MADE! BUT I'M NOT GOING TO SHARE THE CREDIT WITH HENRY OR ANYONE ELSE!





STRANGE MYSTERIES

AN HOUR LATER HE MAKES A FURTIVE EXIT FROM A SIDE DOOR...

NO ONE HEARD THE EXPLOSION, AND I CLEANED UP THE MESS! I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS! I MUST GO HOME, TRY TO THINK CLEARLY, DECIDE WHAT I MUST DO!



THE WORST OF THE SHOCK IS OVER NOW! I'M BEGINNING TO ADJUST MYSELF— TO THE FACT THAT MY ENTIRE BODY HAS TURNED TO GLASS!



LUCKILY HE LIVES ALONE! NOW, IN A LOCKED ROOM...

YES, IT'S TRUE! IN DIM LIGHT I'M BARELY VISIBLE, EVEN TO MYSELF! LIGHT PASSES THROUGH ME INSTEAD OF BEING REFRACTED! AMAZING...



I'VE TURNED INTO PURE, SYNTHETIC GLASS! MUST HAVE BEEN SOME CHEMICAL SUBSTANCE IN MY OWN BODY THAT, WHEN ADDED TO THE CONTENTS OF THE VAT, BROUGHT ABOUT THE REACTION! BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHICH OF THE COMPONENT ELEMENTS OF THE HUMAN BODY IT IS! BUT IT WORKED!

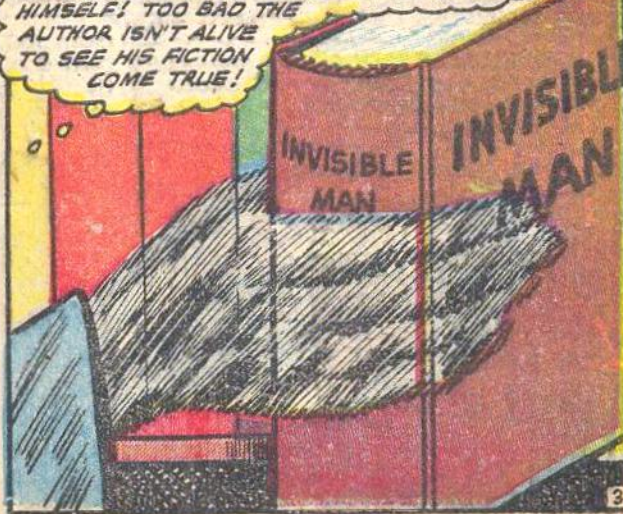
DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, MILES NORDEN DOES NOT LEAVE HIS ROOM...

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME IS A SCIENTIFIC MIRACLE! I FEEL NORMAL, ACT NORMALLY, AM THE SAME MAN, EXCEPT THAT I AM COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF GLASS! I COULD ASTOUND THE WORLD!



BUT I THINK I'LL KEEP MY SECRET TO MYSELF! HMMM— YES, HERE'S THE BOOK I WANT! I SHOULD BE ABLE TO— (CHUCKLE)— GET SOME VALUABLE TIPS FROM IT!

HAH—HAH— THE INVISIBLE MAN! WELL, I'M ALMOST INVISIBLE! AND AS I REMEMBER THE HERO OF THIS BOOK DID ALL RIGHT FOR HIMSELF! TOO BAD THE AUTHOR ISN'T ALIVE TO SEE HIS FICTION COME TRUE!



STRANGE MYSTERIES

THREE MONTHS PASS! MILES NORDEN MOVES TO ANOTHER CITY AND PERFECTS A NEW TECHNIQUE OF LIVING! ONE EVENING...

LIFE AS A GLASS MAN ISN'T SO BAD, ONCE YOU GET USED TO IT! WHEN I'M DRESSED, WEARING GLOVES AND A WIG, AND WITH MY GLASS FACE PAINTED—NOBODY CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE! NOT EVEN—(CHUCKLE)—MY GIRL!

AND SO IT SEEMS...

GOOD EVENING, MIKE! NICE AND COOL, EH?

SURE IS, MR. NORDEN! WONDERFUL EVENING!



THAT NIGHT, MILES NORDEN, WHO HAS NOT EVEN BOTHERED TO CHANGE HIS NAME, PROPOSES MARRIAGE...

LATER...

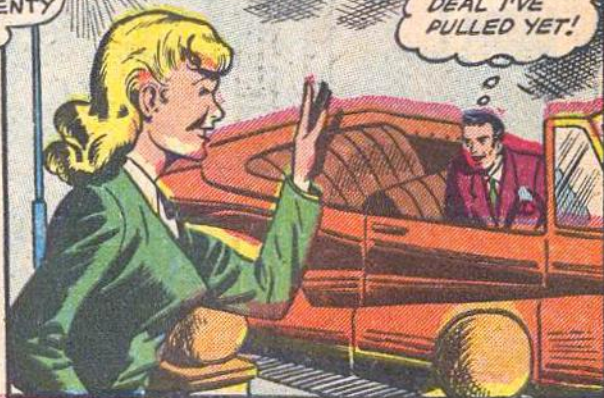
OF COURSE I'LL MARRY YOU, MILES, DARLING! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WOULD NEVER GET AROUND TO ASKING ME!

I WAS IMPATIENT, TOO, CYNTHIA, BUT I'VE HAD BUSINESS WORRIES! STILL HAVE A FEW! I WANT US TO HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY WHEN WE SETTLE DOWN!

GOOD NIGHT, DARLING! CALL ME SOON!

OF COURSE, SWEET! ONE MORE BUSINESS DEAL AND WE CAN GET MARRIED!

THE BIGGEST DEAL I'VE PULLED YET!



THE NEXT DAY IS DARK AND STORMY, JUST THE SORT THAT MILES NORDEN NEEDS TO COMPLETE HIS LAST BIG "BUSINESS DEAL"...

A PERFECT DAY! NO SUN TO SPARKLE MY GLASS BODY! IN THIS GLOOM, PEOPLE LOOK RIGHT THROUGH ME AND NEVER KNOW I'M THERE!

OKAY, JOE, THAT'S ALL HERE! CLOSE HER UP!

FIRST NATIONAL BANK



SO EASY! IT CERTAINLY PAYS TO—(CHUCKLE)—BE MADE OF GLASS!

LOCK HER UP! WE STILL GOT ANOTHER STOP TO MAKE!

I KNOW! BRINKSLEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE! BUT WE ALREADY GOT THE BIG MONEY FOR THE DAY!



STRANGE MYSTERIES

AS THE ARMORED CAR MOVES AWAY...

SOON...

HURRY UP, HUH? BEING SHORT A MAN TODAY MAKES ME SORT OF NERVOUS! I GOT A FUNNY FEELING!

STOP WORRYING! I'LL MAKE THIS DELIVERY AND WE'RE THROUGH!

HMMM— HE'S RIGHT! THIS IS BIG MONEY! AT LEAST HALF A MILLION HERE! I CAN REALLY RETIRE AFTER THIS JOB!

ME SORT OF NERVOUS! I GOT A FUNNY FEELING!



THE GLASS MAN, WHO LEFT THE CAR WHEN THE DOORS WERE OPENED BY THE GUARD, IS READY TO STRIKE...

SOMETHING DOES...

I'LL TAKE THAT, CHUMP! BUT DON'T WORRY— YOU'LL GET IT RIGHT BACK!

HUH? WHO SAID—

YAAAAA— MY GUN...

I SAID I'D GIVE IT BACK TO YOU!

GNNNNN—

I GUESS SAM'S RIGHT! BUT I'M JUMPY, FEEL LIKE SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN!



THE REMAINING GUARD SEES A FANTASTIC SIGHT...

HALF AN HOUR LATER, AS A RESULT OF CAREFUL PLANNING...

HEY! COME— HUH! THERE AIN'T NOBODY DRIVING!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, CHUM!

WENT OFF SLICK AS COULD BE! ALL I HAD TO DO WAS DRIVE TO WHERE I HID MY CAR, DRESS AND MAKE UP MY FACE, AND HERE I AM! WITH HALF A MILLION BUCKS!



STRANGE MYSTERIES

A WEEK LATER, THE GLASS MAN, NOW RETIRED FROM CRIME, GETS MARRIED...

NOT SUCH A HANDICAP AFTER ALL, BEING MADE OF GLASS! THESE FOAM RUBBER LIPS HAVE FOOLED CYNTHIA SO FAR. AND THERE'S THE STORY ABOUT MY WEAK EYES, NEEDING DIM LIGHTS! THERE'S ONLY ONE REAL WEAKNESS—I MUST HAVE A SEPARATE APARTMENT FOR PUTTING ON MY MAKE-UP!



AND SO...

0000—THE RICE! ALL DOWN MY NECK!

NEVER MIND! AT LAST WE'RE STARTING ON OUR HONEY-MOON!

GOODBYE! GOOD LUCK!

BE HAPPY!



AT FIRST ALL GOES WELL! THE GLASS MAN IS NOTHING IF NOT INGENUOUS...

HERE, DARLING! THESE PILLS USUALLY HELP YOU! BUT I DO WISH YOU WOULD SEE A DOCTOR ABOUT YOUR EYES! WE PRACTICALLY LIVE IN THE DARK!

I KNOW! BUT THEY'LL GET BETTER! I KNOW THEY WILL!

I WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU GO EVERY DAY? YOU'VE NO OFFICE, NO BUSINESS, YET EVERY DAY YOU'RE GONE FOR HOURS! I DEMAND TO KNOW!

I TOLD YOU! I HAVE TO, ER, SEE PEOPLE! AND I TAKE LONG WALKS!



SHE'LL NEVER BELIEVE THAT!

LATER, IN THE APARTMENT NEARBY...

BUT, NATURALLY, HE DOES NOT TELL HER...

JUST AS I KNEW IT WOULD HAPPEN! I MUST KEEP THIS PLACE! MY MAKE-UP HAS TO BE FIXED AT LEAST TWICE A DAY, IN PRIVACY! THERE IS NO OTHER WAY, BUT NOW CYNTHIA THINKS I'M SEEING ANOTHER WOMAN! OF COURSE, I MIGHT TELL HER THAT I'M MADE OUT OF GLASS!



I KNOW THAT MILES IS BEING UNFAITHFUL TO ME! HE ACTS SO—SO PECULIAR! AND HE'S ALWAYS SLIPPING OUT OF THE HOUSE WITHOUT TELLING ME WHERE HE'S GOING!

AND YOU THINK THERE'S ANOTHER WOMAN, MRS. NORDEN? WELL, WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!



STRANGE MYSTERIES

ANOTHER WEEK PASSES AND THE GLASS MAN, ONCE AGAIN, GOES TO HIS SECRET APARTMENT...

ONLY THIS TIME...

A MINUTE LATER...

I SHOULDN'T HAVE WAITED SO LONG THIS TIME, BUT I COULDN'T GET RID OF CYNTHIA! MY PAINT IS BEGINNING TO RUB OFF! BETTER TOUCH UP MY EYES AND CHEEKS, AND CHANGE MY LIPS!

SO THAT DETECTIVE WAS RIGHT! THIS IS WHERE HE GOES ALL THE TIME! WILL I FIX HIM!

HE THINKS HE'S SO SMART! WELL, I WAS JUST A LITTLE BIT SMARTER! THAT DETECTIVE GOT ME A KEY FOR THIS LITTLE LOVE NEST! AND NOW I'LL GIVE HIM THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE...

SUDDENLY...

GOT YOU, MILES! CAUGHT YOU IN THE— OHNNNNNNH...

CYNTHIA!

B-BUT YOU! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? OH, YOU'RE H-HORRIBLE! I—

SO YOU THOUGHT I WAS WITH ANOTHER WOMAN? MY POOR CYNTHIA! NOW YOU SEE THE TRUTH! CAN YOU BELIEVE WHAT YOU SEE?

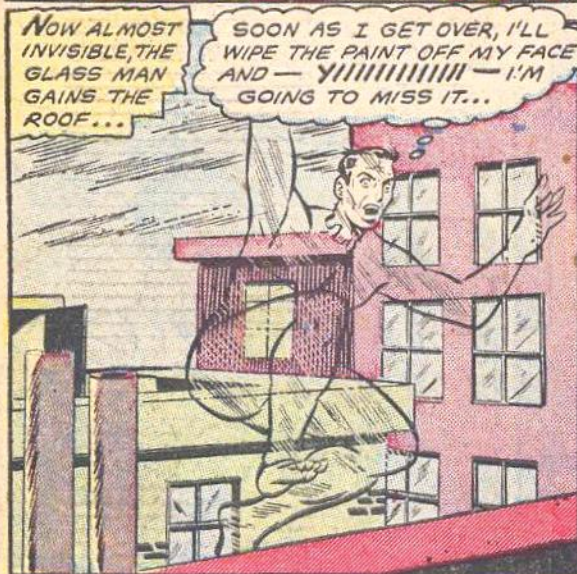
I'M MADE OF GLASS, CYNTHIA! UNDERSTAND THAT? GLASS! AND I'M SORRY YOU FOUND OUT, BECAUSE NOW, WELL, I CAN'T LET YOU LIVE, CAN I?

EEEEEEEEEEEE—

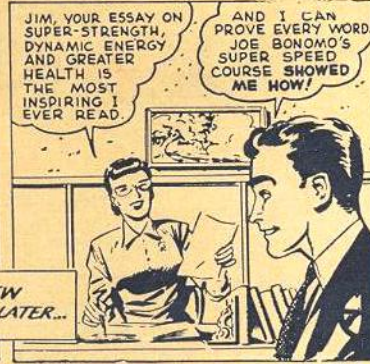
SHE IS A FRAGILE WOMAN, AND IT DOES NOT TAKE LONG...

I'M SORRY, DARLING, BUT I HAD TO DO IT! YOU COULD NEVER HAVE LOVED ME AGAIN, OR KEPT MY SECRET! NOW I'LL GET THE CAR AND TAKE YOU OUT SOME PLACE AND BURY YOU!

STRANGE MYSTERIES



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